

THE GETAWAY

volume XCII number 24 ♦ it's just like the dailies, only smaller and smells better ♦ www.getaway.hotdinks.ca ♦ tuesday, 3 december, 2002



LOOKS LIKE EVERYONE WON! Blood Bank and Food Bank members brawl over front-page Getaway coverage.

15 dead after clash of campus groups

BIKE SPLINTERS
Unemployed Loser

"I think I can say, without hyperbole, that this destruction is worse than a thousand Vimy Ridge combined," said U of OB president God Laser, surveying the destruction at Quad after last week's brawl between members of the Campus Food Bank and volunteers for the Red Cross.

Punctured cans of tomato soup mixed with blood last Friday as escalating tensions over easy front-page coverage in the Getaway boiled over into an all-out melee.

Witnesses say the skirmish erupted when someone lobbed a Del Monte Fruit Cup at Eric Radface, a Red Cross spokesperson who was doing an interview with the Getaway at the time.

"He was blathering on about the need for plasma, or something like that, and then pow!—knocked out like a fucking light," said witness Barbara Telephone. "Immediately after that, the blood drive volunteers took off like a bunch of wild banshees, heading towards some Food Bank volunteers in the distance."

What ensued was warfare beyond description, even for a reporter. Needles, cans of Western Family beans, and bags of AB-Rh Positive blood coalesced into a singular flurry of delicious, life-giving death that left 15 dead and 127 injured.

"L. How...w-ha...L...uh..." said one of the shell-shocked injured, with a can of Stag's Chili firmly embedded in his forehead.

"I've never seen warfare like this," said God Laser. "It's like, 20 civil wars in Sierra Leone divided by a Somalia, plus one holocaust. It was that bad."

Tensions between the two groups have been growing over precious press coverage in the Getaway.

"I've never seen warfare like this. It's like, 20 civil wars in Sierra Leone divided by a Somalia, plus one holocaust. It was that bad."

GO LASER EL RESI EN E
NIBROW O L BER A

"We only get one chance in October to get blood donations on campus, so we need all the coverage we can get. But lately, those shirkers from the Food Bank have stolen our thunder with their media campaign, which, oddly enough, begins in October. Coincidence? I think not, you assume," said a particularly bellicose Blood Drive supporter who wished not to be named.

The Blood/Food Bank story is a perennial feature of the Getaway, especially on slow news days. Each year an editor is assigned the dubious task of trying to find a new spin which would make the story somehow readable or interesting to anyone other than those who already support the banks. Almost all fail.

Geeks split on lobby group issue

'Alliance' versus 'Federation' causes usual rift amongst sci-fi fans

SHAVED SALAMANDER
News Peon

The Retards' Parade (SU) struggle to decide on membership status among national lobby groups has reopened old wounds within the Unblow of Old Bertha's volatile nerd community. "It's the classic case of 'Alliance' versus 'Federation,'" said webmaster and fourth-year engineering student Liam Lipshitz in a statement posted on his U of OB-hosted sci-fi fan site last week.

As student politicians debate whether or not to renew membership in CASA (Canadian Alliance of Student Associations), join CBS (Canadian Federation of Students), or boldly go where no Council has gone before and shun all memberships, U of OB science fiction fans like Lipshitz continue to see the world in terms of either

planet Lucas or starship Roddenberry.

When contacted for comment, Lipshitz, who calls his site "Ain't It Kahn News?," feels the University needs a new ally to address tuition increases.

"It doesn't take a third-class ensign to figure when the time has come to question the Prime Directive," he said.

"Does this institution want to lead the Away Team and join the Federation, or be the Guy in a landing party wearing a red shirt?" he said, in reference to CASA's standard-issue red hoodies.

But computing science student Yurie Ballhammer who runs the rival site "Ain't It Chewie News?" countered Lipshitz with a statement on behalf of Alliance supporters. In his bi-daily blog he posted a lengthy pro-CASA rant calling for renewed "faith in the force."

PLEASE SEE NIBROWIT PAGE 3

SU exposes 'truths' of University misspending

PRITEEN ORGASM
Totally Rad

The U of OB Retards' Parade (SU) has discovered a way for the university administration to save an additional \$3 trillion on top of the budget cuts already proposed in their 12 Ways We're Telling You Blatant Lies campaign.

According to SU President Dike Bluesteamyhotdove, the proposed cuts and savings will not only allow the Unblow of Old Bertha to provide free tuition to everybody in the world for the rest of time, they will also have enough money left over to allow him to fulfill his personal life-long dream of terraforming Saskatchewan into an organic ginseng/hippie-sex colony, complete with geodesic domes and recycled robot butlers.

"I have sort of discovered the solution to all of the Unblow's budgetary problems, basically," said Bluesteamyhotdove.

PLEASE SEE BLATANT LIES PAGE 2



WWW.TONGUEGAUZE.COM? SU campaign is slowly spinning out of control.



Was Jesus anorexic? Does pornography stretch your student dollar far enough? Is corporate media really bad? Find the answers to these stupid questions and more inside.

Inside

Nudes I-RAD 6-8.5
Biesinger 14-17
Creatures T&A 54-40
Sprouts L&N 0-43
Vergrins 1-100
Assified 1-100
Feelings 1-100

Outside

Tuesday Sunny with a chance of bears in spacesuits. High 4, Low -7
Wednesday Raininess interspersed with cloud. High 33, Low 9
Thursday Warm, with long patches of us being wrong. High -3, Low -273
Friday Jesus, go look outside. We just make this up anyway. High 77, Low -FUCK
Stolen from: Environment Canada



Footloose archives

Known as the day the music died, U of A officials banned dancing on this night in 1984. The strange tale was brought about when dancing—the "tempest in a teapot"—according to Rev Shaw Moore, played by John Lithgow—led to Moore's daughter consorting with a "big city Romeo" during a social. "This sucks, but what can we do," offered Willard, played by Chris Penn. Thankfully, Ben McCormack, the good-hearted rebel who recently moved to campus, reminded everyone how to get down and have fun. "Footloose! Footloose! Kick off your Sunday shoes!" said Kevin Bacon, deftly playing the soft-shoed interloper.

1984



Has the Reservoir Dogs poster gone the way of the dinosaur? Some writer took Film Studies 101, and now he's writing, like he knows what the fuck he's talking about.

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compliants

Comment, comments, or complaints about the Getaway's content or appearance should be filed with butler and editorial staff via complaint 1. If the complainer is unhappy, here is the flow to go to: if you are not happy and you want to be happy, you can possibly fix it in a goony way. If you are not happy, we can't help you anymore. We can only say: "There's nothing else we can do for you. The chairs of the Board of Directors and the Unibrowboard can but should not be used at the Unibrowboard."

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contributards

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New course calendar promises timetables, tits

JHEHNIRFHER PHABIHILLANOH
News Editor

University plans for a new swimsuit course calendar are receiving mixed reactions from the campus community.

Unveiled last Friday, the new plan calls for enticing photos of "lusty" U of A students in "barely there" swimsuits, juxtaposed with University rules and regulations, degree requirements, and course descriptions and times.

"Sweat-dampened girls lying beach-side can be pretty hot, but putting them next to the requirements for a physics minor is making it hard to study. Soo hot-tah..."

CARRIE WARREN,
HORNY ENGINEERING STUDENT

"The Unibrow of Old Bertha thinks this change will bring a much needed human dimension to the calendar and make it more appealing to students looking for information," said Moneybags Overman, Unibrow Vice-President (Academic) and Provost. "And really, who doesn't want to go on a m[is]ple hunt while trying to decide between SOC 344 and ENGL 288?"



MY GOD! CHECK OUT THOSE BULGES! Well-endowed students pose for the U of OB's new swimsuit course calendar.

The administration is also toying with adding a bonus CD of club cuts for those picking up their calendars early, featuring hits like Darade's "Sandstorm" and Culture Beat's "Mr Vain".

However, students shown preview samples of the calendar layout questioned the benefits of models in the calendar.

"I don't mind seeing a breast now and then, but really, that's pretty disconcerting when the BIOL course descriptions are being straddled by a

breasted male Education student in a thong," said James McFadden, a third-year science student.

Fourth-year civil engineering student Carrie Warren agreed.

"Sweat-dampened girls lying beach-side can be pretty hot, but putting them next to the requirements for a physics minor is makin' it hard to study. Soo hot-tah..." she said.

The University will begin photo shoots for the calendar in January. All students are welcome to apply, "except faggles," warned Overman.

It's getting hot in here, so take off all your clothes...

BLATANTLIES • CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

"The administration says that my only solution is a 6.4 per cent toilet hike. What hypocrites [sic]!"

According to Bluesteamyhotlove, the administration has been engaging in rampant mispending for over a decade now.

"Last year alone, el Presidente Prod Lazer sort of travelled to Africa a total of 145 times, then space, and Mars and galactic M875468-8*61," said Bluesteamyhotlove.

"And this is only so he can kill enough elephants to build a 4000 square foot personal 'optum den' on campus made out of entirely out of ivory and the skulls of all who stood in his way. Somehow, this doesn't surprise me. At all. Not in the least. Not in a million years. Do you want more ravioli? C'est chaud."

When a student standing nearby

pointed out that this would involve flying to Africa every two and a half days—a physical impossibility, since it takes two days alone to get there—Bluesteamyhotlove scoffed. "Yeah, unless you have your own private Concorde!" he said.

This Concorde reportedly has over 10 000 rubies, sapphires, and uncut diamonds inlaid on its wings. Apparently, these gems spell out the words "Toilet Town" on one wing and the initials "USA" on the other. It is not clear why.

According to Bluesteamyhotlove, the administration's frivolous spending habits will become clear if students only pay a little more attention.

"Have you ever noticed that all the toilet paper in all the public washrooms on campus is one-ply?" Bluesteamyhotlove questioned. "Well, I hear that in Unibrow Hall, they don't

even use toilet paper. They use gold bars. Gold bars!"

Allegedly, these gold bars are only made available to el Presidente and Vice-el-Présidentes, however.

"Well, I hear that in Unibrow Hall, they don't even use toilet paper. They use gold bars. Gold bars!"

BIKE BLUESTEAMYHOTLOVE,
PRESIDENT, RETARDS' PARADE

"They won't even give one-ply to their servants," said Bluesteamyhotlove. "I was talking to Syphilis Park's butler the other day, and he says he's only allowed to use old Getaway's."

Constables for a causing disturbance: "Footless Joe," a known hobo, was again bounced from campus, despite his claims that he "chopped wood all the livin' day, for that-ther sandwich."

Constables returned Footless Joe's neckerchief to a pole and trespassed him via "an LRT bound for nowhere."

OF MURDEROUS HOBOS AND MEN

The wife of a prominent campus rancher died after being crushed in the death-grip of a travelling Hobo, who was killed shortly thereafter by his hobo-companion.

The remaining hobo, George, had planned to move to Colorado to raise rabbits, but Campus security issued a statement saying he would probably die on the electric chair—most likely one made by another hobo's stool, baling wire, and a stolen car battery.

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOMELESS

Campus Security officers are still searching for the party or parties responsible for the maiming of campus Hobos.

When questioned if this was true, Park's butler replied, "I'm an exchange student from Leeds, not a butler! Jesus Christ, why does everyone assume I'm a servant of some sort just because I have a British accent? I've already been asked today what it's like being a chambermaid and if I like cleaning out the loos on campus. What the fuck is a 'loo' anyway?!! Seriously?"

This response was not surprising, as Park reportedly likes to keep her servants subdued with hallucinogenic drugs.

When asked how he was going to convince the administration to give up its perks and benefits, Bluesteamyhotlove shrugged.

"Never doubt the power of Bike Bluesteamyhotlove!" he said in a disconcertingly amplified voice.

He then lifted his arms above his head and flew away.

In the last month, said Commandant Hector Schultz, "several hobos have been found missing limbs—usually a foot, sometimes both feet—it's unpleasant for our officers."

Some observers blame the long-standing tradition of presenting a hobo limb as a sign of worthiness, during first initiations.

"We work hard, we play hard," stated Rob, Hobo-Chi-Delta president.

RASH OF UNWASHED GENITALS

On 26 November at noon, or possibly 12:02:34, an individual, or possibly individuals, were seen, or possibly witnessed, applying ointment, or possibly mayonaisse, to themselves, or possibly each other by the SUB information booth, or possibly the middle of Quad. Campus security officers were unable to comment as at press time as the validity of the complaint, but said due to the cold weather resulting in hobos on campus wearing thick layers of unwashed clothing, the climate for an epidemic of inflamed skin rashes was ideal.

CAMPUS HOBO BEAT

Compiled by Larry Canner
(canner@ualberta.ca)

TRANSIT, NOT TRANSIENTS!

On 30 November campus security traspassed several individuals for erecting a makeshift steelglass structure complete with large advertisements for "Edmonton Transit Systems." The individuals in question were seen hissing and spitting at passersby, and had reportedly started to make a large pot of soup from an old leather boot. Several shivs and a barjo were confiscated.

CHECKSTOP NESTS HOBS

On 16 November Campus security launched their biannual Hobo Checkstop over the Stadium Parkade. Over the course of four hours, 16 hobos were confiscated from the trunks and under-

HOOSH STILLS STILL IN LUSTER

At 7:30pm, 18 Novuary, several hobos were discovered by Lister staff broving moonshine in a fifth floor lavatory. University constables were called in and the hobos were arrested. Three had non-returnable warrants for various misdemeanor offences in Manitoba. Campus security cautions students that although hobos can be cute or very persuasive, don't allow them to set up illegal stills in your dorm room or lavatory.

RIDING THE LRT RAILS

On a midnight EST freight travelling through the West Texas night from Corona to University station, several individuals were reported to Campus

STWEETAHS

Compiled and radded up
by Preteen Orgasm and
PrissBouquet

So the other day I got in this big argument with one of my profs over the end of the British Empire and its ramifications on the country as a whole. In his opinion, the end of the empire vastly altered the social and economic landscape of both Britain and the Commonwealth. He believes that the collective psyche of the British people was completely reworked as a result of living in a country that had gone from being the most powerful and influential in the world to a second-stringer in comparison to the world-predominating conflict between America and the Soviet Union. But then I was all like, "Suck it, oldie! You don't know me!" And he was like, "As if!" to which I responded, "Yeah? V-neck sweaters are ugly!" And then he started to cry, so I took his wallet.

But enough about me—so, like, what do you think?



Tommy Book
Grad Studies

What?

U of A President freaks out on bottle depot attendant

President God Laser blows total spazz on some guy named Glenn while attempting to redeem his old paint cans for five cents

ASSOCIATE NEWS ZOMBIE
Priss Bouquet

In a recent trip to the bottle depot, Unibrow of Old Bertha President God Laser attempted to explain how continued cutbacks in provincial funding in post-secondary education meant that the clerk should give him five cents for his used paint cans.

Upon his arrival at the Hookertown Bottle Repository in North Edmonton, Laser was shocked to learn that the old paint cans he had discovered two months before while cleaning out his tool shed were worthless.

"What the hell are you talking about, pal," said Laser, clearly flustered. "I'll have you know that these paint cans are indisputably recognized as being up to 95 per cent aluminum."

Laser went on to explain that since the aluminum content was the same as a pop can, and since he had made an effort to wash most of the lead-based paint out of his car, the bottle depot should "give him the god-damned nickel" before he "lost his shit." He then accentuated this point by slamming his fists down on the particle board that acted as a makeshift counter, starting wildly and uncoordinatedly into the eyes of the noticeably shaken depot attendant.

Laser then withdrew as quickly as he had struck, apologizing and massaging his temples vigorously.

"Look, I just really need the nickel, okay?" he finally spat out, pinching the bridge of his nose and squinting his eyes. "I just don't understand why you won't GIVE IT TO ME," he shrieked in the attendant's face, his voice cracking as he left his comfortable register.

When the depot attendant threatened to call the police to have Laser removed unless he calmed down, Laser composed himself, straightened his tie, and proceeded to explain

how, in these lean times for post-secondary education, seeking out alternative sources of revenue was more important than ever.

"You see, Glenn," he began, guessing at the attendant's name, "since 1981, provincial funding per post-graduate student has declined dramatically, from \$13 900 then to just under \$8500 today—a difference of almost 61 per cent."

"What the hell are you talking about, pal? I'll have you know that these paint cans are indisputably recognized as being up to 95 per cent aluminum."

U OF A PRESIDENT GOD LASER,
ON WHY THE BOTTLE DEPOT SHOULD
ACCEPT HIS OLD PAINT CANS

"Conversely," he continued, "tuition has increased by a staggering 209 per cent in the last decade alone—still, this has done little to offset the rising costs of utilities and professional expenditures that the U of A must make to maintain its high standard of education."

"As such, now more than ever, the University must show initiative in identifying and tapping into new revenue sources," he finished, pausing to give the words time to sink in and gaze optimistically into what he likely saw as the bright, shining future of the U of A, somewhere out in Spruce Grove.

"Now, Glenn," he said, smiling and holding up a dented, rusty can that once contained Moore's Coriander White, eggshell finish interior paint. "How about that fucking nickel?"

Holy fucking shit!

Care really hard about the rest of this article

NERDRIGHT • CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

"The Alliance has rebelled in the face of tuition tyranny before and will continue to wrap its cables of tuition awareness around the legs of the government AT-AT," wrote Ballhammar.

"This will mostly happen by working within the structure of the government Empire; like when Han and Luke snuck into the Deathstar except with more lunches with politicians."

The conflict between the sides turned ugly at the last Students' Council meeting when the two man-boys engaged in a war of words and laboured breathing during question period.

Initial debate on tuition strategies became heated when Lipshitz told Ballhammar to, "Sit and spin on a light-saber," and Ballhammar shot back, "Why don't you set your phaser to eat my ass?"

The debate rapidly deteriorated into the Federation side screaming "Binks," "Intrichlorans," "Take Lloyd," and "Remember the Christmas Special!" while the Alliance side simply chanted "Wheeeeatnnnnnn" over and over again.

Before the taunting could escalate to pushing, a campus security officer

broke up the red-faced, teary-eyed geeks.

"There are plenty of kids out there that don't drink or do drugs to hang out with, so if you want to achieve, you have to believe in yourself and handle the pressure without falling into the pressure. This has changed my life."

PRISS BOUQUET,
INTRUSIVE NARRATOR

The officer, who asked to not be named for fear that he would appear as a villain in an Internet flash cartoon, said, "A slap fight was narrowly averted tonight."

"Thank God that the rest of the pillow-lumpers are probably at home making wizard costumes for the Two Towers premiere."

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Nomination Procedures: A letter of nomination signed by at least 10 undergraduate students plus any supporting material which is thought to be appropriate should be submitted to the Chair of the Award for Excellent Teaching Committee for each nominee. The appropriate science department will ensure that all nominations are fully documented before submission to this Committee.

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Students can also nominate Professors from a Faculty other than Science to receive a Certificate for Excellent Teaching (details are available from CW223 Biological Sciences Building).

Contact the Chair of the Faculty of Science Award for Excellent Teaching Committee:
Dr. W. J. Page, Associate Dean
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CW223 Biological Sciences Building

DEADLINE FOR NOMINATIONS:
FRIDAY, JANUARY 24, 2003

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DRESSCODE: SEMI-FORMAL (FORMAL NO RUNNING SHOES, JEANS, T-SHIRTS)

BIESINGER

mangy@getaway.ca | tuesday, 20 february 1979

This problem must be stopped. Really.

WELL, LEMME TELL YA, I'VE BEEN THINKIN' about a lot of things—like, the world and all. And after thirteen long years of being locked inside a light blue '86 Ford Tempo of sadness at the bottom of the ocean, I've come to the conclusion that we're in a little bit of trouble.

Folks, we're third and goal, here; we're getting down to the final two minutes of the period and the home team has had a stroke and shit their pants. It's all about money. Even this editorial is about money—not the money that I'm talking about, but the other thing. You know, the big important thing with a drink the size of a tree trunk, hobos for legs and the NASDAQ held together with roofing tar for a heart.

The one that makes us all wake up in the morning, and the one that puts us to bed at night. The same one, I think, that makes us put our pants on in the morning and take them off to take a bathroom break and then makes us ram said pants down our throats and punch God—the same ones that makes us call our mothers when the chips are down and a touchdown is all that's keeping you from winning the big space shuttle trip to the end-zone.

People are needing it. Remember—when I say "it," I don't mean money. I mean the other thing. Sure, we could choose to ignore it, as it chews on our proverbial nutsack like a squirrel with nothing better to do.

But if we do ignore it, the world might be a better place, and who knows how good that would actually be. I certainly wouldn't; I've been locked in a god-damned car two miles under the surface of the fucking Arctic Ocean for over two-thirds of my life, for Christ's sake. What the fuck would you like from me? But if in implementing this new structure, only \$15 000 would be taken away from the U of A's Pandas, we wouldn't even have to think about it.

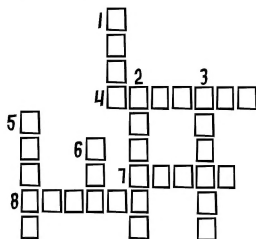
To date, we've only taken a few thousand, and to that, I say, c'mon. Why stop there? It could blossom a whole new industry. Are you scared? Well I was scared too, until I found Jesus hanging out in my garage. He really put things into perspective. And my mouth.

But above all, hockey fans, we must never forget that, to a protein, geranylgeranylation modification is a stable and extremely hydrophobic modification that is synthesized to allow it to bind to the plasma membrane. Without geranylgeranylation, we'd be nothing more than monkeys with cerebral palsy, doomed to wander the landscape starring in movies with Ronald Reagan.

Deal? Deal.

BEND/EM CROCHETTE
Sports Bed-wetter

A crossword, mom



- Scrambled eggs between her legs, the pink taco.
- Plays drums for the Muppets.
- Nearly a synonym of "anal."
- Oriental lumping, lengthy.
- Boise is capital of this shitty state.
- Edmonton's worst arts weekly, rhymes with "pee."
- "Geeze, these mutants sure taste _____!"
- Campus Stalinist.

ALMOND F FUCKSINGER
Fan-zine Editor

LETTERS

Esteemed faculty in need of Sluttingham's honeypot

Hello, after reading the last issue of the Getaway, I noticed an article by Scora Sluttingham and I enjoyed it quite a bit. Is there any way I can contact Ms Sluttingham so that I can suggest a proposal of sexual intercourse with her? Please be aware that I am willing to pay large sums of money for this service.

Also be aware that if I am unable to get in contact with her I will find her house and leer longingly from the window.

Thank you very much.

DR LONG LEMUR, PhD
English Department

Idiot wants to fuck apex

Pussy-up Sassy Shat leaves me mortified, and somewhat confused. You know, things were all peachy-keen back in the days before "mowments" like this, before the fairer sex could vote, and therefore ruin the democratic process.

Before women gained any power, the world was a great place. Look, without the aid of the fairer sex in business, we could be left to murder our brothers, move to Sodom and Gomorrah, and commit random acts of unfettered debauchery.

Just as our ancient brethren, then, it is up to us to eradicate such things as "cunt-cookies," "freedom of speech," and "literary awareness. The Iron Fist of Iron Fisting should never rear its ugly head in porn again, and if it hant, it should be removed before serious damage can be done.

Without fisting, more drastic measures will be required. By the word "drastic," of course I mean "dirty farm sex." I personally think that the Getaway would be much more enhanced with the replacement of everything remotely female with horses, dogs, and/or sweet, sweet monkey lovin'.

DAVE SCHNEIDER
Zoology II

Cunty?

In response to PUSS co-founder Hotdog McDonald's comments about there not being a female-gential-shaped-confection-making-fist-pumping-mildly-militant-feminist group on campus, I would like to say what male-dominated-women-objectifying publications have you been reading, sister?

FISTFUUCK Fucksin' Shitty Tits Feminism Urethra Cunny Koold has been pumping out vulva-shaped soft candy since circa '94! And although our sugary delights might have bid the alliterational panache of "cunt cookies," to simply ignore our existence is somewhat ignorant, and I dare say sexist, on McDonald's part.

Were we a group of males with a similar penchant for nether regional sweets, I doubt that McDonald's would completely overlook us.

However, I, as the chairwoman, general womanager, and presi-woman of FISTFUUCK, am willing to look past McDonald's slight and extend the olive branch to PUSS so we can work together and see how

many times we can get the word "cunt" printed in the old bi-weekly broadsheet.

There is much to be done on this campus. Even the name of the paper needs work: bi-weekly broadsheet. Together, PUSS and FISTFUUCK can work to change this sexist institution, and replace it with a much more gender-neutral alternative: cunt-weekly girtcunt.

Look what we could achieve together, PUSS. Think about it.

Cunt cunt cunt twat cunt cunt mitt pussy gash mucker cunt cooter twat twat!

HARRIET WATT
CULTIV

Welfare mother whines about benevolent Getaway dork-editor

In response to Almond F Fucksinger's 11 November article ("I'll remember you, baby?"), I would like to warn all the other gals that greasy Slovene has promised to treat as a "special someone."

Mr Fucksinger hasn't proven himself to be good at remembering anything, let alone our quintuplets, all of which still wear diapers (and are incredibly handsome), and none of which he has paid child support for since their simultaneous birth.

He claimed it was magic, just before he claimed I would be on his mind, forever. And forever and ever is a definite possibility, as eternal life is the least of this demi-god's talents. But now, all his left's him with a stretched vulva and five incredibly large, stubble-encrusted mouths to feed.

If I could do it all over again, I wouldn't change a thing.

RAMADA HILSON
Nursing V

Hamsters up bums really really really rad

Your recent article about A4H: Anal Hamster Insertion ("A4H great therapy for everyone," 28 November) was intriguing and intellectually stimulating. As an enthusiast of this practice, it was nice to see a subject that I feel passionately about in print. Hopefully your article will inspire those who enjoy this activity to be more open about it.

Like the feminist group that started recently (PUSS), I am thinking of starting a club called SHUT (Sticking Hamsters Up your Tush).

At the meetings we will discuss the history of A4H, new methods of rammin' hamsters up there, and the best hamster breeds to use. Also, I am thinking we could stick hamsters up our bums for orgasms.

So, meet me in the SUB cafeteria on Tuesday at 6pm if you like having hamsters tickle your taint!

DON KEYPUNCH
Down Syndrome II

Dried up whore complains about something or other

I am a 71-year-old farm widow from Empress and got your address from the Internet, which claims you are the chief source of news this side of the Lloydminster, where the acres



are as dry-ass as my womb, and the noble sons of the soil are dying or in jail because of the unfeeling bastards from the East, who jall them and make them starve their families for resisting the socialist impulse.

I thought we won the Cold War, and here we are, the victims of the same treatment as my relatives who lived under the Red Menace.

We must fight for free capital, because free capital equals free politics.

HORTENSE "YOUR MAM" SMYTH
Empress, Saskatchewan

Situation dire for northside students, sad dog still being killed by bees

Ever since the City of Edmonton decided that it wasn't our "right" to go to school, all bus service has been cut from my statbastic neighbourhood.

I know it's not for me to decide whether or not I can go to school, but since the day the bus driver and the LRT driver were stabbed by northside gangs, I've been trapped in my upper Edmonton condo, writing English essays and eating tacos.

Since I ran out of goddess obesity tonic, I've been getting fatter and fatter, and soon won't be able to lift myself from infront of Days of Our Lives. Help!

LOSTIN NORTH EDMONTON
Empress, Saskatchewan

Tuition beyond absurd, says some guy

During the days of milk and honey (the Social Credit years), University education has dropped steadily in quality, and has reached a precipice. Yes, my unending hate of people who stand behind people while they're writing on computers has reached a new peak, as has my intolerance of such an indiscretion. If that smelly guy comes back again, I'm going to fuckin' shoot myself in the

face. Oh, in other news, I think tuition is too high. Please lower it to a rate that excludes the bad-smelling guy, but includes me.

I can take another loan if it frees me from the fuckin' stench.

DICK FUCEPAGE
Canada, England

Egon still the best Ghostbuster forever and ever, etc.

Kudos to new talent Josh Kjenner and his hard-core progression of articles having to do with going to the bathroom, walking around, and breathing have really kept my mind entertained since his birthdate in late 1982.

I am a 71-year-old farm widow from Empress and got your address from the Internet, which claims you are the chief source of witty material this side of the Lloydminster, where the acres are as dry-ass as again-dry my womb.

Josh, if you ever want cabbage rollers or any favour of perogies, please roll free to call Saskatchewan 445 and ask for Hortense.

HORTENSE "CABBAGE" SMYTH
Empress, Saskatchewan

Letters to the editor should be mailed to 24 Sussex Drive, Ottawa, Ontario, K1A 0A4, or e-mailed to watsoncherrynewborn@msn.ca.

The Getaway reserves the right to edit letters for length and clarity, and to insert racist, sexist, libelous, or other pure hatred masked as content into any letters deemed too pleasant in nature.

Letters to the editor should be no longer than 350 words, and should include the signature, credit card number(s), original copy of birth certificate and glossy 8x10 nude photographs of the author to be considered for publication.

Jelly Beans, "Jumbo" peanuts and promises of sexual favours are also encouraged.

I still live at home with my twin sisters



BISON
BURST

So, I was sitting by myself, thinking about some Todd MacFarlane teen-aged vampire lesbian docu-drama comics, when I realized, "Hey! I haven't thought longingly about 11 September and its ramifications on my likely uninteresting life for almost 15 minutes!"

Since two large jetliners crashed into the A&W on the corner of Portage Street and Main in downtown Frackencouer my world has been utterly altered.

Cats don't let me pet them anymore. I can't buy top-quality friends for quarters in the arcade anymore. And it sure is easy to justify killing innocent Lithuanian civilians. I mean, back in World War Two, the big one, the title fight for democracy, trust, justice, and the Fréncho-Canadian ideals we hold so dear. I found a soccer ball in grade six, and now, I keep it by my bed.

I call it Ballie, and we talk about

the various exploits of Spawn, and his friend, Frackencouer mayor Rudi Giuliani, after the big fight the airplanes (or, were they kites?) had with those hamburgers. Poor little things.

All those firemen who were trying so hard to get the hamburgers, right before the quiet streets of Frackencouer were horribly changed for all eternity, leaving most people hungry for the same papa-baby trio of sacred cholesterolic heart-diseaseaceous yum-yum in my tum, Hiah?

Crew: Seven Men.
Weight: 52 000 lb.
Length: 18 feet 5 1/2 inches. Maximum speed: 25 mph.
Range: 165 miles.
Payload: About 10 men.
Engine: 400hp.

Of course, war isn't always bad. I like to think of it as "death for the sake of death," or, as my baby sister in St. Albert (where I live, too, so date me) calls it, "deadhead," "those kittens are sleeping," and "Pat Fucking

Bochannon."

Since deadhead has become so prevalent in our stupid society, being dead has gone up ten notches.

No longer can kitties die and children cry in response, without guilt. Now, children fly their kites into cats on purpose with clean consciences, making things wholly confusing for severely amateur wheelchair political speculators who have no idea what they're talking about, only that they want to hear more about what they want to say.

Do you understand that?

Neither do I.

So, in the flames of the fallen grandpa-burger sign, and from the ashes, a new phoenix rises: Phoenix, Arizona, Frackencouer's Chinese sister city in southern Northberta. Pretty soon, the underground libraries of Frackencouer will have to move Dr. Seuss's *Hop on Pop* to the notification section of my little bookshelf full of wrinkled comic books from Warp One and sticky magazines, as I work ever-harder to emulate the little boy on television who quietly enjoys McCain Superfries while reading a comic book.

My mom told me, after some pestering, that it was a Spawn comic he was

reading. And she was right, friends, she was so right. Fractanularity, no end is in sight for me and my poor sister, who live in a new world of hats, late, and pickles without burgers to live on.

Time will tell a stereotypically uninteresting tale when historians look back in this era of Frackencouer's history. No more will it be the city of brotherly love, but merely a cat-kite-killing hollow corpse of a Spawn that Spawn Spawn Spawn Spawn Spawn Spawn Spawn.

But on a serious note, has anyone ever thought about Count Duku and his evil plans for the previously happy settlement of Northberta?

And what about Northberta itself? Citizens have repeatedly attempted to distance themselves from the work of their crack mercenaries, but in doing so have become crack mercenaries themselves.

In Northberta, the line between civilian and crack mercenary has been blurred. And as I wake up this morning with my morning balls and porno-sized unit, I must say that I hate this world, I hate my continent, and I hate all of you. Me, Gene Roddenberry and George Lucas are moving to Djloubouti. Fuck you, pig-dogs!

THE POSSUM'S UTERUS

Have you ever noticed how creepy baby possums look, with their naked little heads and the beady-turd-like eyes? I wake up in a cold sweat every night, in fear of the tiny bastards.

They look like little bald popcorn shrimp, only larger and probably less tasty. Why should I live in fear, while these creatures grow up to run amok, doing whatever the hell it is they do?

I think they hang from trees from their tails or something. I wonder how much it would cost to make little nooses to hang them from their necks, dangling back and forth, sleeping the eternal sleep.

They should have never been born, so, back to the possum's uterus with you, baby possums!

NOAM CHOMSKY, PH.D.
RALPH NADLER, LL.B.
MICHAEL MOORE, WHO CARES

The Possum's Uterus is the hollow, muscular organ in female possums in which the fertilized ovum usually becomes embedded, and in which the developing embryo and fetus are nourished.

Pope not gay enough



ANDHONEY
EASEDIN

Oh God, is the Catholic Church ever failing to entertain me lately. It seems like only yesterday, one couldn't force open a peep-show door without ramming the doorknob into the soft, supple balls of a priest in the middle of humping a retarded cat, and the streets were clogged with condom-burning mobs choking on dinks the size of baseball bats.

Ah, those were the days indeed, when men were men and we all sat around stimulating one another's prostates with rolled-up copies of Foucault's *Pastoral Power and Political Reason*.

Now, when I want titillation, I have to chain Jean Chrétien to my desk and punch him in the heart as I ride him like a sled dog, and that gets expensive, as I have to give him a number of fake awards to keep him satiated. Last week I couldn't afford another trophy, so I grabbed a zip-lock, and well, he was thrilled with his Golden Emissions award for his work on Kyoto.

What? No. I didn't piss on him. It was a real award. And a pointy one.

Anyhow, the Catholic Church has lost sight of its founding principle: that the proper home of the penis is safely embedded in the orifices of others, not flying around hurting people with vicious jabs to the eyes, as I is now. A penis once destroyed a boy filled with schoolchildren—I saw it with my own eyes. It was the sexiest fucking thing I've ever encountered.

So, I flew to Rome, for some reason, using the super-powers that I acquired just now, intending to make my case before the Vatican.

I brought barrels of tight-fitting pants, fully prepared for a comprehensive siege of seduction, in which I would melt the frosty hearts of the joyless Frackencouer founders with dance moves and bold pelvic thrusts that would make God himself mince just a little in His orbit around Earth.

Sadly, I forgot that priests mostly

don't respond to steamy Easedin-style erotica, but only understand one language: Italian. My attempts at both dog- and pig-latin were met with blank stares and noticeable bulges of half-chubby phalli. I tried some prayer with the Pope one morning, but was disappointed there too:

Me: Pssst. Hey, John-Paul.

JP: I can't understand you. I'm Italian.

Me: No you're not, you're Polish. Stop avoiding me and become gay already.

JP: No. That wouldn't be right.

Me: Please? It'll be exciting.

JP: Well, maybe I—No! No, I must resist your scintillating homoerotic powers! Release my hands, Mr Gay Person!

Me: John-Paul, you're trembling!

JP: It's Parkinson's.

Then the American VII Corps mounted Operation Cobra, and on July 27th, 30th Division's commander could say jubilantly: 'This thing has busted wide open. We may be the spearhead that broke the camel's back.'

Anyhow, I passed out then, and when I woke up I was waist high in my own, personal, feces in the middle of Southgate Mall, which I assume has something to do with whatever the fuck I'm talking about. Maybe then we'll finally be able to stop killing each other long enough to give me a hug. Can I have a hug? Please?

Well, if you're not going to hug me, at least give me the benefit of a little punch in the visage. Maybe that way I'll come up with some other topics to write on other than God and sodomy. Maybe then I'll even write about something more than two people on campus care about. Maybe.

Then again, maybe I'll just go make a horse and a cat fall in love with each other.

AUDIOSLAVE

TOM MORELLO • CHRIS CORNELL • BRAD WILK • TIM COMMERTON

THE VOICE OF SOUNDGARDEN AND
THE POWER OF RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE

SPROUTS

sprouts@getawayalberta.ca • Tuesday, 3 December, 2002

WEEKEND SCRUFF

Well, with varsity seasons winding down for the holiday break, there isn't much to say, so this could be the briefest notes section ever. But fuck that. We're going to give you the skinny on the frozen beef trade in Korea!

Frozen beef carcasses

Tracking Id: 2002120010016K52
Date Processed: 1/12/2002
BEEF, CARCASSES, FROZEN - (Korea, Republic of), (HS Code: 0202100000) Beef, Frozen. Quantity: 600 MT Quality: * Packaging: * Delivery: Bidding date: December 4, 2002 at KACT's conference room. Other: Bid bond: total amt of bid bond not less than 2% of total bid value with validity more than 1 month Quote: * Bank Reference: To be informed Contact: Mr. Jae Ho Lee, Assistant Manager, Meat Department, Korea Agricultural = Cooperative Trading Co., Ltd., 553 Seongnae-dong, Gangdong-ku Seoul 134-030. Phone: 82-2-2225-2372/2375, Fax: 82-2-470-15870

PATHETIC NOTES

Well, now that the statistics are out of the way, here's what's up for the weekend.

I'm going out with this girl named Virginia. She, apparently, lived on a farm when she was younger. Her father wouldn't let her milk the cows so she shot him and served his brains to her unsuspecting mother in a Hamlet-esque banquet. I guess it wasn't really a banquet, since only the mother was eating. A banquet typically involves a large number of people, so clearly I'm incorrect. Anyhow, now that I think about it, I shouldn't go on a date with this girl because she'll probably just feed me brains, or kill me and feed my brains to someone else.

But I'm not sure if my brains will be served banquet-style. I'm not. Did I win?

Barside with McQuibbly

SPROUTS HORDE Sprouts Sorts

For years, campus bartender Mork McQuibbly has tossed suds at students from the other side of the polished bench. A varsity teams supporter like no other, the lovable barkeep dishes on athletics, poison football and bull-tussles.

HOW COTTON AND THE BASKETBALL TEAMS FELL IN LOVE

When the first basketball team was started at the Perversity back in 1927, they had an absolutely shit-awful record, losing to every team by a margin of at least 40-some odd points. I heard that sometimes they even had to forfeit when their team members were too out of shape to climb up a wooden ladder and retrieve the ball from the peach basket. Eventually, the team reversed their fortunes by switching from their original jerseys made of real beanskin, to cotton, which allowed them more mobility and less water loss.

HOW LEAD SAVED FOOTBALL BUT STUNTED A GENERATION

"Although everyone thinks the football team folded twice, there was actually a third time that no one talks about. In the '60s, they nearly had to call it quits when their coach lost all of their equipment in a poker game on a riverboat in the Mississippi Delta. The Bears were saved when the [now-defunct] Campus Replica Armour Club fashioned new pants, helmets, and jockstraps out of lead and tin. The Bears never won a single game that year, most of them died before the '70s, and none of them were able to father children. I think their dedication to persevere really speaks to the true spirit of campus athletics."

ON GRANDFATHER MCQUIBBLY AND ATHLETICS SUPPORTERS

"It was hard to be an athletics supporter back



FACES OF MCQUIBBLY The man on everything from wooden jocks to firestarter crows.

in the day. During prohibition, when my grandfather Marcus Liam McQuibbly first ran this bar, it was a pub called The Ratt and Lemur. He'd add a dram of whiskey to the sarsaparilla for a twenty-five cent piece. Um, where was I? Yeah, as I was saying, it was really hard to be an athletic supporter back in the day—they used to make them out of hickory, which would explode on contact sending a horrible shower of splinters into the crowd. Everyone hated them."

TALE OF A FRISBEE, A HIPPIE AND A MUMMIFY

"The Ultimate Frisbee team used to drink up here until one Friday snapped when they asked for beer with pesticide-free hops in it. I grabbed the captain [of the team] by the deadlocks and fired him down one of the elevator shafts. I threw a few pitchers of draft on the spill bar of Campus Security and it was quickly forgotten about. Contrary to popular belief, though, it wasn't his mummified body they found during SUB renovations earlier this year. That was totally

someone else."

ON BOOZE AND LAWNMOWERS

"Few know this, but if you save the tail end of the kags, drain them into a lawnmower bag and add lemon pepper, the result tastes remarkably like beer if you're already half cut."

BULLFIGHTS AND BARTENDERS

"During Aggie-week a couple years ago, we had a bull-fight up here. It was wild! That's how I got my scar. It's why I wear this hat all the time."

ON HOCKEY BEARS AND COWS WHO BURN

"Apparently, during the pre-war years, the Bears hockey team had a clown named Harold 'Cud' Tarrington playing defence for them. One night, Tarrington got the idea of stealing Mrs. O'Leary's cow, but in the process the cow kicked over a lantern and Edmonton burned to the ground. Awful business."

New curlers stock to top

Curlers assure world they're 'good friends' who 'give 110 per cent'

DON MENTIONME
Closest Sprouts Contributor

Alberta curlers have hog-weighted through the hog-ridden competition, earning top spot in the newly formed CIS curling ranks.

"We're all super good friends, so that helps," said skip Jack "Jackie" Baxter, of the je ne sais quoi that's behind his team's undated status.

"No matter how many times I frantically yell 'hard' or immediately and antithetically scream 'slow,' they know exactly what I'm thinking about," said Baxter.

The Alberta squad with the booming brooms is rounded out by second Boris Karpotsinatolov, along with Ralph "Spooky" Adamson and new addition Wayne Middaugh.

Middaugh, a Curling Tour pro, is currently taking native studies at the Perversity of Alberta.

No matter who has the hammer," said Middaugh, a former world champion, "we feel confident that we can lay several in the house and steal points and give 110 per cent while we're at it."

However, this Zen-like state didn't materialize just because the P of A is really wicked rad at all things athletic. There's a lot of hard work and resources backing this granite-sold bunch.

"Out on the sheet, the eyes are on the prize," said Klaus von Puntkin, the team's mental-strength trainer.

"After practice, which occurs twice daily, I dangle a ticking watch in the locker room and have the boys imagine all their curling dreams come true."

"We repeat the process before every bonspiel,

asking ourselves, 'What do we really want?' You know?"

"The answer is always the same: utter, soul-destroying victory. To stamp that slippery shoe thing into the face of the opposition, whether it be the Wainwright School of Dental Administration or the Calgary Dinies Curling Club."

The program's top-quality environment, added Adamson, is a "Godsend" in the oft-misunderstood world of high-stakes curling.

"We're here to provide an elite environment," said athletics official Dr. Troy Pepper, one of the strongest advocates of the Perversity's proposed \$8.412 million curling facility.

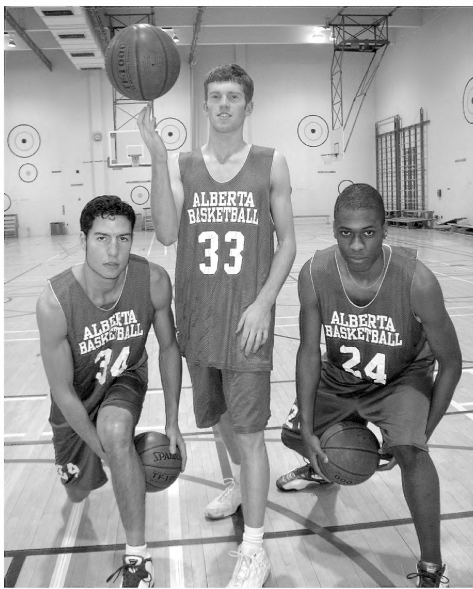
"A lot of schools shuffle off their responsibility when it comes to curling."

The world class facility—co-funded by Edmonton's near-regal Ghermezian family—would be "multi-use," combined with a world-class helodrome where the Perversity's newly formed, top-ranked cycling team will train.

Eventually, a speed skating oval will be suspended from the building's retractable dome roof by an intricate pulley system, designed by P of A's indisputably recognized department of structural engineering.

Still, low attendance begs the question: who wouldn't want to see a last-rock, triple takeout to land three in the ninth end, capping a 23-0 romp over St. Cecilia's Junior High Faculty Curling Club?

Also: who'll have time to think about a ballooning departmental debt when the new curling ranks are released? Clearly, only time will tell. And until then, these soldiers of fortune will be on ice, giving their whole hearts to a game they continue to know and love.



HOOPS RACKET You, you get to go home for the holidays. These guys, they have to pay their basketball dues. Globetrotter reps are encouraged to contact them immediately.

Coach says Air C.H.U.D. a dud

**Cannibalistic
Humanoid
Underground Dweller
not as productive for
basketballers as hoped**

DON MENTIONNE, ET AL
HE-FU, S&P Sprouts Writer

As the old saying goes, you can take the Cannibalistic Humanoid Underground Dweller out of the sewer, but you can't take the sewer out of the Cannibalistic Humanoid Underground Dweller. The Bears basketball team learned this the hard way this past weekend.

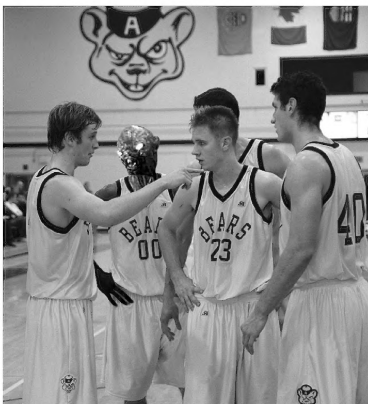
"I know some of the guys had reservations going into the season, but we didn't anticipate the character of the team would be tested this much," said Bears guard Burton Cummings-Smith.

He was referring to the controversial performance of the Bears' latest recruit—a horrifying, subterranean monster, AKA Cannibalistic Humanoid Underground Dweller, (hence C.H.U.D.)—when they dropped a division game to the Lethbridge Pronghorns, 87-84.

"He has the ability to cover the high post, and adds some aggressive down low," said Bears coach Dan Borrowitt. "But the guy is basically falling apart out there. Actually falling apart!"

Scientists disagree as to what affects the creature—possibly severe leprosy-like symptoms, caused by life spent mutating in a sewer floating in human waste.

All can agree, however, the mon-



C.H.U.D. PLAY C.H.U.D. (second from left) questions humanoid tactics.

ster's inhuman, murderous rage got the defending champs in foul trouble late in last weekend's game.

Trailing 87-84 late in Saturday's game, C.H.U.D. nearly beheaded 'Horns starting point guard Randy Manx with one swipe of his deformed man-claw.

A replacement 'Horn dropped both foul shots to seal the 87-84 victory.

Angry Bears players placed the blame squarely on the slimy, grunted shoulders of their rookie power forward.

"We reached in and gave one hundred and ten per cent in the clutch," said Albertha post Syl Phudol.

"We were on the comeback trail, then our guy [C.H.U.D.] tore the throat out of [that Pronghorn guy] costing us large-style at the foul line."

"Bullshit!"

It appears the honeymoon has ended for the Bears and their star recruit, who first surfaced at the Lamont sewage treatment plant.

"We have to start playing smarter going down the stretch," screamed the veteran coach while banging the monster's cage with a metal bar.

"We're going to beat ourselves, playing like that... there is no C.H.U.D. in t-e-a-m."

This season's hockey Pandas slaughtered in annual match against the Dinosaurs

PILLUP BED
BENDING POACHED EGGS
Sprouts Enthusiasts

The hockey Pandas were slaughtered bloody in Saturday's game against the visiting University of Calgary Dinosaurs.

Pandas hockey coach Howie Mandel, star of the acclaimed series *Step by Step* and the new *Howie* on ice special presentation (see www.nda-dosage.com.ua/picture/index.php3?ord=0&t=16&start=9), acknowledged that the Pandas might have underestimated the voracity their competition.

"We always hate playing the Dinosaurs. They have this gnarly wicked-cheap habit of eating whoever they play."

The Dinosaurs, featuring a flock of acrochosaurs, or "high-spined lizards," took only minutes to gnaw through the surliest of the competition.

"I work so hard on recruiting every year," said Mandel. "I mean, we can handle any Huskie or

Thunderbird that's thrown at us, but every year there're these fuckin' Dinosaurs. And ever year, same story. I've only got half a team afterwards."

Mandel was furious about the brachiosaur in net as well. The towering, giraffe-like lizard chewed on the tops of specially imported trees while the competition hurled pucks in utterly futile vain.

"I suppose this is fitting for our last game," said Mandel, commenting on the looming closing of Athletics. The coach was spotted in the arena early Sunday morning, roasting a Panda leg over a campfire near centre ice. Campus Security was notified, and some officers were rumoured to have shown up with six-packs and barbecue sauce.

None of the surviving Pandas were available for comment after the game, the Dinosaurs netminder having clamped a mammoth load of pungent dung in front of their locker-room door.

The bear carcasses that spotted the ice after the game sort of resembled a teapot, according to some. I say it looked like fun. Thank you.



THE GREAT FUTURE Funding cuts mean "fun" uniforms for next generation's varsity jocks.

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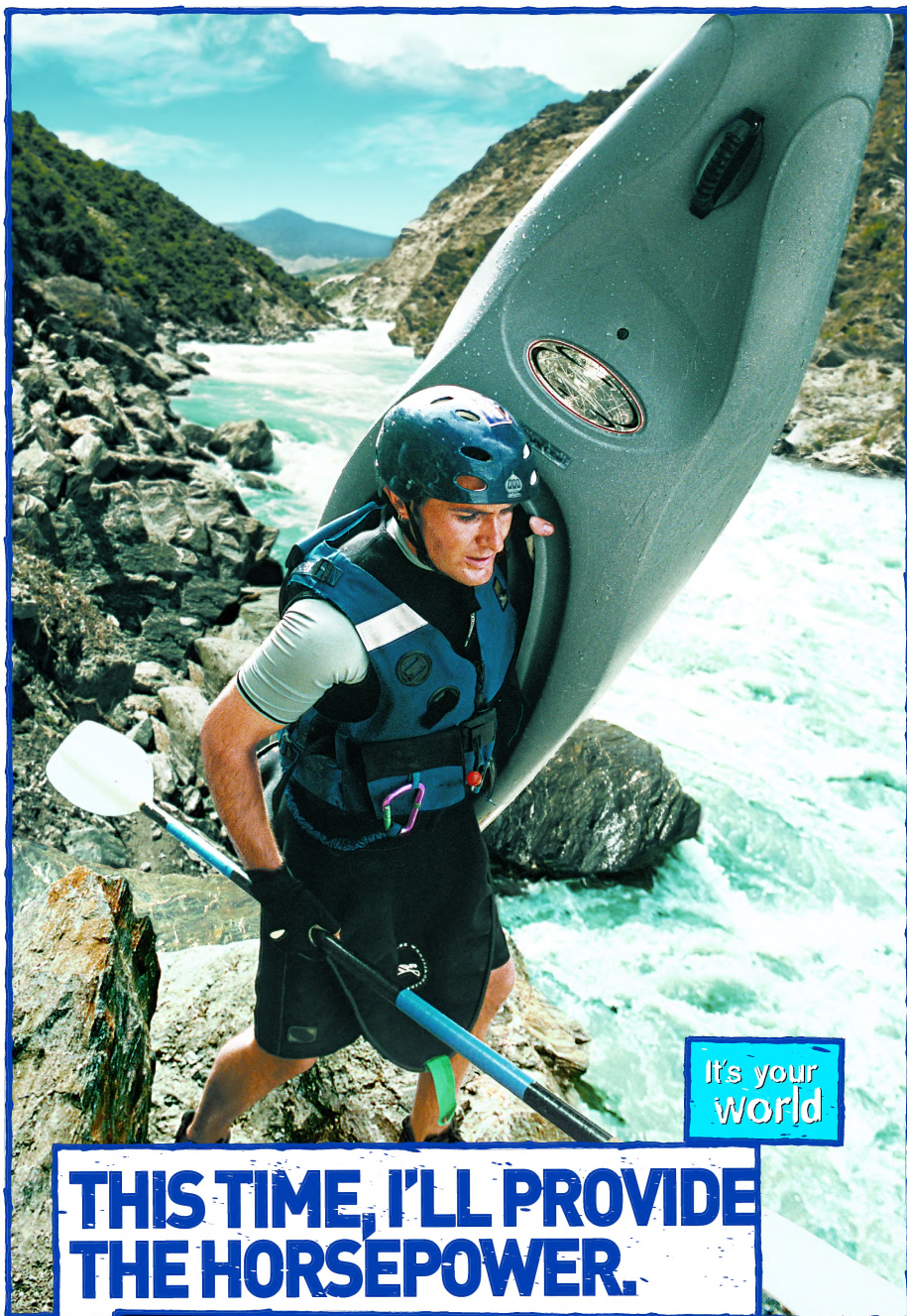
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INSATIABLE PEEPEE-LICKER

St Albert Catholic High School Reunion
Up yours
All the fucking time

So, this where it's explained what sort of hot thing is going on. Plenty of hot things happen. I should know. I used to be hot, back in my youth. But now, I'm an old and withering grandmother, pining for the days of swing and big band jazz clubs.

Did I mention I live in the coolest satellite city-warnabe in the country? It's called St Albert and we have a skatepark. We also have a high school for which there'll be a reunion this weekend.

Come and drown your sorrows with watered-down punch spiked with screech. Try to relive your youth as you watch old friends with leprosy disintegrate in front of you while you catch AIDS from your high-school sweetheart.

Whatever you do, get me the fuck out of this jerk-water burg — *Almond Fucksinger*



PHOTO ILLUSTRATION: NICK BOULLON
Jimmy Fook! Look those old bastards!

Skizzip Zeizzizbin washing all his troubles down the drain

The Zeizzizbin Bathroom
Friday morning at 6am

Splish splash, Skizzip Zeizzizbin will be taking a bath this Friday, and even old Bobby Darin hasn't got dirtier pipes.

The acoustics threaten to be a mite echoey, but his phlegmy baritone will doubtlessly steam up the room, as he sings a collection of '70s classic rock favourites from "Bohemian Rhapsody" to "Black Betty" while latherings his tiny boy-penis and man-bosom.

With the Zeizzizbin plumbing a bit unpredictable these days, look forward to some improvised falsetto highs in between sudsy songs.

The taps'll be running by 6am, and will keep on flowing hot until at least 6:30am; or whenever roommate, Smile Dorkson, barges in to brush his teeth — *She Ra Colons*

Lil' Timmy's 20th Birthday Party

3 December, 8pm
My Mom's Basement

Do you like pop? Do you like chips? Do you want some good old fashioned parental supervision? If so, grab your party hat and sleeping bag and come on down to your mom's basement for a great birthday bash!

We have to be quiet after 10pm so we don't wake my dad up or he'll beat me with a rusty coat hanger dipped in cholera. If we're lucky, my brother might boot us some Big Bear. Spin the bottle and fits of giggling to follow. Cover charge is one present and some candy — *Smelly Thanksgiving*

Do you guys seriously fucking read this?

Physics-rock punches minds, dinks

His penile highlight
with Some Band You've Never Heard of
and Who Cares?
LamePost
Thursday, 21 November 1846

FEATHER LATHERED
Fleeches Mulletard

His penile highlight, "a wuss-core, physics-rock, not-even-significant-enough-for-capitalization-of-their-own-name band," is used to no one ever liking their pretentious brand of lame music.

After more than five years practicing in their parent's basement while slowly succumbing to their pattern baldness, they aren't really surprised when people come to their shows and loath their very existence. When Kimmy Fat Turd came through town this summer, his penile highlight opened, and the fan reception was comparable to releasing 10 000 starving meth-addicted bees onto a field of orphans coated in honey.

"Well, we weren't really supposed to be opening," remarks drummer Sleeve Bullback. "We just got hopped up on goof balls, kidnapped the real opening band and hog-tied them in the bathroom of a biker bar in Wetaskawin. Then we stole their IDs and took the stage. And since I run the club no one was any the wiser. Except all the kids who came to see Shitty Poontan, but fuck them, they can see Shitty when they play tomorrow or the day after or three days from now. Or maybe the day after three days from now."

In Edmonton they actually drove spikes through our van's tires, poured sugar in the gas tank, and bombed the stage with molotov cocktails," Bullback recounts as he trembles like an epileptic with Parkinson's disease.

It turns out no one in the crowd actually enjoyed good music, however: "The kids up front didn't seem to hate us quite as much. Sure, they were pretty limp and unconscious from being struck down with the debris being hurled at us, but they weren't booing or anything—mostly their eyes just sort of rolled back in their sockets and

twitched lifelessly."

Bullback gave the crowd the finger as he dove for cover under a section reserved for the handicap, figuring he'd be safe with wheel-chair-bound school children to shield him. He remarks he was "angry that their little bodies didn't make for as good of barriers as he had hoped but at least I really showed all those losers by flipping them the bird. Yeah, it was totally Post Modern! Wood! Grad '84!"

However, crowd attitudes don't shape his penile highlight's music; rather than play things people might actually want to hear, the band continues to be completely self-indulgent.

"With this band we wanted to take the power of Avogadro's number (6.02×10^{23}), and with absolute uncertainty, centrifuge the force to draw the music into an intensive centrifugal of angular magnification," Bullback jizzes. "That's what physics-rock is all about!"

It wasn't always so for Bullback, he used to play in a popular band, Holly's Rectum. "We played music that people liked and we gained some momentum and stuff, but we decided that we don't care about bringing joy to other people, so self-indulgent wanking was the way to go."

Beyond angering music-lovers just looking to enjoy a decent gig, every one of his penile highlight has U of A ties. Bullback is the Senior Manager who books snotty little bands for the Stupid Union, Bark Limpson is a U of A HUB hobo, and Racin' Harmane, the bassist, has a degree in petroleum engineering and works at



MANTROCK, RIZZLAY
His penile highlight goes out of their way to confuse listeners.

Bisso. Put all those schedules together and you aren't left with a lot of rehearsal time.

"It's nothing we're unaccustomed to," says Bullback. "But then we really aren't very good so practicing is sort of futile and we'd rather spend our free time playing Duck Hunt on Nintendo while talking about our pretend girlfriends."

All of this hatred won't stop the band, though. As long as they can't find a better way to spend their weekends than being harassed by teenagers, they'll continue to "flip them all the fuck-you birdie finger and play all the out-of-tune power chords we want, you jerkoff!"

Kermit the Frog: it ain't easy being hard

Muppetry of the Penis

Directed by Kermit's Big Hog
The Whoring-Slits
3-13 December

BATMAN FROZENIARD
Mental Drainment Editor

Have you ever wondered what fuzzy Muppet nads look like? Does the thought of Ralph the Dog's fuzzy lint balls give you a ginormous shame boner? Then Muppet maker Jiz Benson has the perturbed, pre-pubescent show for you.

In an effort to rekindle the low audiences used to have for those lovable Muppets, Benson, cousin of the creator of the little creatures, is sending his marionette missionaries across the globe in their newest show *Muppetry of the Penis*.

"Whenever we'd finish doing a *Muppet Show* for the week, the entire cast and crew would kick back and drink beer," recounted Benson. "This one time, Kermit had had way too much to drink, and he took off his pants—which is weird, because I fuckin' built him, and I didn't make him with fuckin' pants, dude." Benson went on to recount Kermit's bizarre acts on that fateful night.

"He was waving his dick around, daring Piggy to take him right fucking now, you saucy pork 'n ride reject," added Benson. "*Muppetry of the Penis* just seemed like the next logical step." Benson enlisted a swath of his little pore-pals to tour the globe and do their show. However, the act has been met with a great deal of criticism. Some went to the show expecting to see penis origami, Muppet-style. But many were extremely appalled to see that the show consists mainly of



SHOT DAMN, LOVER Ever have one of those days... IN YOUR MOUTH?

sexual acts being performed by Muppets. One woman reportedly fainted when the "Fraggle Cock" portion of the program was underway.

"Yeah, that bitch bit it hard. Apparently she didn't like it when Mokey started humping Red while calling her a 'Gorg-loving beach,'" said Benson.

Interestingly enough, when the audience-member "bit it," a bunch of Doozers came out of the woodwork, started molesting her and then fucked off to go eat marshmallows.

The rest of the show consists of different Muppets performing different tricks or sexual acts with their fabric appendages. Ralph the Dog sniffs his own balls, Doctor Teeth bites Animal's dick off, and the Swedish Massage Chef does, well, Swedish Massages on the cast from "Pigs in Space."

"We also have this great bit where Oscar the Grouch goes around giving the rest of the cast rimjobs," noted Benson. "That didn't go over too well with Snuffleupagus. That huge bitch rampaged."

"God, I love those fucking puppets!"

In order to retain an interested crowd, Benson created a new Muppet specifically for the show. Fluffer, as he is called, is a new male puppet whose speciality is sneaking on-stage and giving random cast members a taste of his dreaded "dutch oven."

"It's really good shit," noted Benson. "The only people who don't like the show are those two fuckers who, for some reason, always end up in that balcony seat. What the fuck is their problem anyway? Yeah, I'm talk to you, you old bastards. Come here and say that! Unnnngh!"

Johnny Five is alive, you beligerent fuck

MADAM ROOSTIN'
Farts & Scent-containment Writer

Is Johnny Five still alive? If engineering physics student Shane Tablizo has his way, cinema's seventh most beloved robot may be returning to the big screen. The long-awaited third chapter in the *Short Circuit* saga will be Tablizo's first attempt at revitalizing an '80s franchise since the four-hour hunger strike that failed to secure a fifth season of *Airwolf*. This time, however, he believes destiny favours the precocious robot that helped us all rediscover a part of our own humanity.

"It all started back in July when the back issue of *Starlog* I ordered off eBay—the one with topless pictures of Gates McFadden—never arrived. So I e-mailed the guy, and told him he was in for some serious negative feedback ratings if he didn't sort this out. He didn't have any more copies, but offered me the intellectual property rights to the *Short Circuit* franchise. Instead, Naturally, I'd rather have my Dr Crusher—she's got that mature woman vibe Troi never had—but I figured there might be something to this."

Even though Tablizo suspected the time was right for the series to re-emerge after a 15-year absence, he faced the difficult prospect of reassembling the creative team from the original series. "I knew that if this was going to work, I needed everyone. And if that meant reuniting '80s super-god Debarge to re-record 'Who's Johnny,' a song I'm sure you'll agree was pivotal to the first film, then that's what I had to do."

It seemed impossible, but Tablizo refused to give up. "The first breakthrough was when I caught Fisher Stevens, who played South Asian inventor Ben Jahvi, trying to break into my car. Fortunately for me, he said he'd love to revisit his character, and in the end he promised to give me Ally Sheedy's phone number if I promised

not to call the cops."

The others, says Tablizo, were a tougher sell. "The hardest part has been convincing everyone to return; they've all grown as artists since the '80s, and they weren't sure they could recapture the magic. I had to convince them that this wouldn't be just a third movie, that it would finally bring closure to Number 5's saga. They were just as pumped as I was to find out what happened to Johnny after he passed his citizenship exam and officially became the United States' first Robotic-American citizen at the end of *Short Circuit 2*."

"Arts students are the scourge of the Earth. I would kill every single one of them if I had enough bullets."

MIKE WINTERS,
GETAWAY MANAGING EDITOR
2000-2001

In the end, the only original cast member not returning is Steve Guttenberg, who is busy scripting his pet project, a sequel to his 1997 dog-meets-dolphin opus *Zeus and Roxanne*. He will be replaced by an android facsimile known as the Guttenbot. Other science fiction luminaries have already expressed their interest in working on the project.

"George Lucas called me the other day saying he wanted to work on a trilogy about cute robots that doesn't totally suck ass. But I told him no, I'm not about to cheapen the franchise all the fans have stayed faithful to for so long," says Tablizo.

"All we have to do now," he enthuses, "is settle our lawsuit with Tony over those fucking Omnibot toys and the dream will live. Just like Johnny Five."



Syndrome of a Down's

En Retard
Mongol-Old records
www.downsyndrome.org

SADDAM POOSTAIN
Tits & Ass Blighter

The government may have sterilized their bodies, but if the new *Syndrome of a Down's* album is any indication, their music is as fertile as it's ever been. Starting with the first track "Blaaaaaaahhhhh," right through to the "big radio single 'I Like Juice!'" these are some mondo annoyed mongoloids ready to rock your drool bib so hard you'll feel like carrying on incomprehensible conversations with strangers on the bus.

Finally, with this landmark record, someone's taking the mentally deficient out of their assisted living homecare facilities and reintegrating them back into the sweaty moshpits where they were spawned.

These special champions of rock are a credit to defectors all over the globe. Way to go, kids.



They Might Have Gigantism

For the love of God, NON!
Fuckard Records
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LOL, ROFL, BRB TTYL
Darts and Random Stabment Writer

Nothing stirs creative juices like the



Rappin' Rod & the BOGS

Self-titled
Bend Over Records
www.iloveyourtubedollars.com

PHILIPON BREAD
Tarts and Bread Restraintment

The debut rap album by Rod Gazer features the sort of booty-shaking tracks guaranteed to have you dancing around with signs outside University Hall the minute it blasts out of your stereo.

The songs display an incredible range of emotion from the angsty "These are some real slim shady business deals," to the angry "Take that hike up the ass, bitch." Rod even shows his inner pain in the heart-wrenching "Damn you chicken Mike!"

The BOGS, Rod's backup singers, perfectly accompany every song with harmonized cries of "Yes" and "Passed," which never seem to get old.

If you don't buy the CD, it's because you're too poor. Thank the indisputably recognized Rappin' Rod and the BOGS for that.

affliction of gigantism. Every day, people all over the world have to suffer through this illness.

Well, They Might Have Gigantism are finally out there spreading the word on important social issues... OK, so all they talk about is gigantism. There's just one problem: because of the whole gigantism thing, they can't play their instruments. All of their hands are like giant meaty slabs. The drummer looks like a fuckin' Tyrannosaurus Rex—no arms, just pointy teeth, scaly skin and goat's blood running down his face.

Wait a second, that has nothing to do with gigantism. Oh my God! The drummer is a T-Rex and the rest of the band is just life-sized Lego characters.

Oh, I get it! They Might Have Gigantism! Well that's swell.

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SPANIEL PHASER
Jerkulation Manjizz

After years of budget cuts and circum-
sion, the U of A's Stupid Onion (SU) has
been forced to find new financial solu-
tions to keep their services running at
the most mediocre level possible.

One of those solutions, was the instal-
lation of SU webcams that let you watch
live as executives formulate lies, burn

tuition money to roast marshmallows,
and do steamy strip teases with greased
up slander subpoenas.

Things have gotten so busy, many of
the executive don't even bother to put
their shoes back on as they troll the
offices awaiting the next pledge from
alumni now residing at Alberta Hospital.

Plans are now underway to install a
second stream of "hidden SU cams" to
capture more of the campus life. Girls'
locker rooms, washrooms, and select
Lister Hall residences ("you know, the ones
with the hot chicks, not the ugly sad, dog-
faces with pancake stained flip-flops," said
Hobbs) will be featured on the SU site.

You can even purchase limited edition
SU swag from this ginormo-waste-o-
time. Kokanee swag, empty Coke bot-
tles, and action figure "dreamy-eyes" Brat
Rectal (complete with kung fu grip) can
all be yours for as little as two starving
orphans and a rusty bucket of sadness.

Reading the glowing reviews U of A
students have written on the website's
bulletin board, it's obvious everyone
loves the new addition: "You disgusting
commie-bastards I watched you taking
kick-backs from corporate sponsors all
week," wrote one user. Others simply
summed it up with "burn in hell you
soulless wastes of carbon."

WORLD'S SEXIEST MAN



Almond F Fuck singer

ADRAMISATART
Central Lament Editor

Ladies, start running now. Run, and clutch
your vaginas. Why? Well, you might have
to clutch your vagina when you have a
yeast infection? What about the clap?

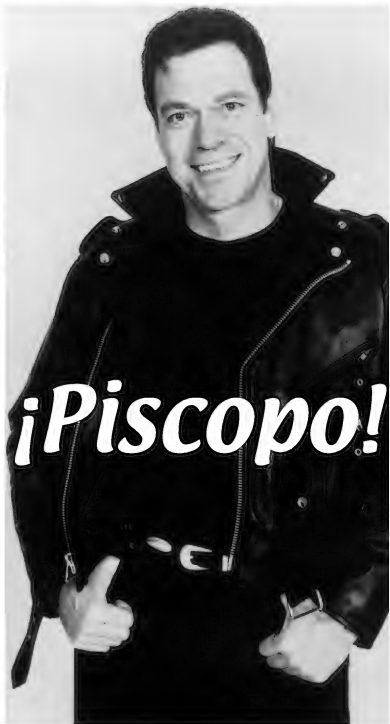
Fuck, I'm completely getting off track.
The reason you're touching the bearded
taco, as it were, is because of the sweet
love juices bursting forth at the sight
of the U of A's gift to women: Almond F
Fuck singer.

Sure, you can't understand his car-
toons, and fucked if his articles aren't
loaded with circular logic and half-truths.
But holy shazbutt, is he ever a fine
catch! And the most fascinating part of
the thoroughly-unremarkable-yet-sexy
mod-rocker is that no one can explain
what makes him so fucking fine.

Is it his greasy, unwashed black hair?
Probably not. Is it his lovely pouting lips?
Nope. Those things are more like thin
lines of fleshy tissue.

Fuck singer. You don't get him but, you
wanna have him.

Pick a number, fucko. This pimp-dad-
dy's all booked up.



HEY FUCKWAD!

Do you realize that you could be writing for the Getaway? You! The Getaway! All you need to do is come up to 3-04 in the Stupid Onion Building and show the Entered Saintment Editard how sexy you can be without pants on and only a news-
paper for shoes.

Conversely, you could buy a case of beer and bring it here. I promise I'd publish anything you give me.

The other thing you could do is pay my rent. Please? It's not that expensive, and you could probably afford to take me out for dinner after all is said and done.

Please? Write for me?

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ASS ON A SNATCH

Keeping an eye on your thigh...

Attention, nerds! Today, there's lots of shit going down in the heavens. Today, Eminar 7 will be in perfect alignment with the Mutara Nebula, and Khan is about ready to kill.

Oh, wait a minute, that's Star Trek II. Jesus. You know what's totally rad? You know when Kirk was stuck underhanded in the Genesis cave and he had a plan for escape and totally made Khan look like a Class M retard? That was awesome. I humped my carpet, that's how awesome it was. And then the USS Reliant totally blew up? Yeah. Oh, and Kirk had this son and was awesome too, but the actor died of dysentery in like 1987 or something. Too bad, he was pretty good.

By the way, aim your telescopes totally near the sun, 'cause, like, Mercury will be visible in some sort of eclipse or something. And the moon is neat, too.

SO PLEASE, for the LOVE of GOD, COME VISIT THE OBSERVATORY! It's so COLD and LONELY up here...

No, silly. It's not astronomy; it's a trek! *AssOnASnatch* is a yearly feature published as the need sees fit. Our resident trekki, *Dizave Larigle*, sets the stage for the geekery and invites you up to the Campus Observatory every Thursday evening, at 8:00pm to watch bootlegged Vulcan sex videos on a 14-inch TV.

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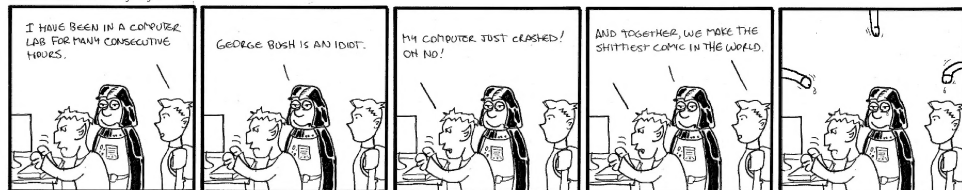
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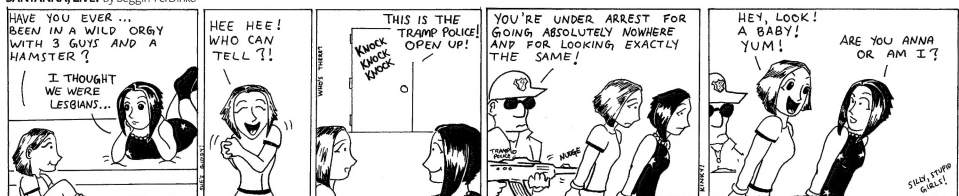
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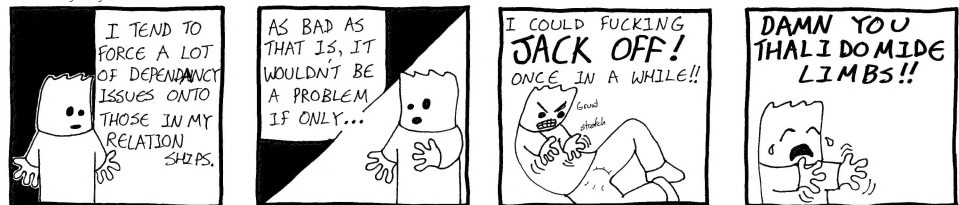
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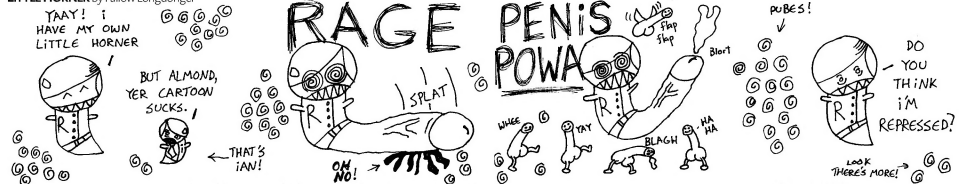
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LAMEBEN by Facey Graone



LITTLE HORNER by Follow Longdonger





For days now hipsters on the "cutting edge" of "fashion" have been raving about red being the new black, Thursday being the new Friday, aspartame being the new sugar, and blood being the new pee, at least in the case of my little poodle. But if you want the real ticket for the next train to Coolsville, listen up because the Getaway knows what's next for you craze-obsessed corporate sheeple!

Hero in is the new Pepsi, and all creatures great and cool are currently fucked on it! Sure, you last-week-niks can still go out and given'er to your liver by drinking like a dirty cowboy from a whiskey trough. And, if it's your thing, unprotected sex with underage girls in the Philippines while on a student exchange is still alright by us. But, if you really want to blow the proverbial shit out of Chris Samuels's ass (that joke is to 2001) it's going to take at least a dime bag of black tar to really impress your peets.

China white, Harry Jones, the heavy stuff, Black pearl, the Blanco, doojee, smack, good H, baddy-spin-spin; that's where it is at! Just think how

ONE TIME WHILE MASTURBATING I IMAGINED THAT I WAS AN ELEPHANT TAMER AND I WAS PRODDING AND POKING THOSE ELEPHANTS WITH MY ELEPHANT TAMER TOOL. I IMAGINED THAT IF I MANAGED TO FREE THOSE FAT ELEPHANTS FROM THAT CIRCUS TENT THAT I WOULD GIVE THEM A GOOD HOSING DOWN. YOU KNOW THAT ELEPHANTS LIKE TO BE WASHED DOWN AND LOUISE'S FAT ELEPHANT BREAST WOULD PROBABLY LIKE IT TOO.

totally post-modern it will be when you learn to cook down and cotton shoot the residue of your sweet sweet joy powder. Mix (like an Iron Chef on methamphetamine) a little PCP and a dash of

cocaine for good measure and you'll be chasing the dragon all night.

Anyone flushed already? God, my mouth is dry. Sweet Jesus! Why's that dog's head twisting around like that? And more importantly, who the hell stole the hubcaps off my '89 cutass supreme? Fuck! I was going to hook those to Tiny down at AAA Chronic-Paven tonight. I bet it was that straight-edge bitch who works at K-Mart. She always had it in for me. They all do, you know. You can't work for Hudemana and be cool.

Shit, the cockroaches are back, but in my skin. I'd cut them out but my legs are made of lead and recycled jet engines. Why are we even discussing Valentino couture when we should be worried about the fighting in Sir Lanka? Ejaculate!

Shit! I need to finish this feature before I start choking on my own bile. Yeah, I'll just grab

some lame thing from one of those retarded degenerates who read this shit rag and paste it on the features page before I zone out. No one will know the difference. Will anyone give me \$50 for my left kidney? I have two!

Turds by Leather Padler
Pictures by Jon Poo



Squiggly: I
love him. ♥



Pello: Leather Adles, Realities Editor II

I have taken the time to diligently prepare a feature for the Realities section to which I understand you are the Editor for the 2000-2001 publishing year.

START FEATURE:

So, I think that the reason that my cat is my favourite pet and friend is because it is fuzzy and smells good and that will be the topic of my feature: cats!

It is my third year around cats, and I think that this one will be the best ever for me and cats. You see, I think I am kind of an amateur expert on the topic because I have spent so much time diligently learning about cats and their

environment and ecology.

I happened to stumble across a book by Jane Goodall on chimps and I realized that they would not be good pets because they live in Africa and I have never been there and even if I wanted to go I'd have to buy a plane ticket and it would cost so much money and I don't even quite precisely know where they are so I would have to hire a guide and I do not know where to get one and I e-mailed Jane but she had no advice on cats so I went to the pet store and they sold me a cat and I named it Squiggly.

You see, Squiggly and I have become such greatest pals because of all the time we spend together. After school every day I come home and without exclusion, Squiggly is always there and is usually awake. It is at this time that I feed him fresh tuna fish from the tin (the Safeway brand packed in water without salt) and he likes it a lot and then we usually watch TV together before I practice my trumpet



Squiggly
smokes a
blunt.

and sometimes Squig (that is short for Squiggly) likes to dance but it is not a very good dance because after all he is a cat and cats are not genetically structured to be greatest dancers. MEEEEEOOOOWWWW!

Once I was about to leave for a week but Squigg spoke up: "I do not understand how if you are to leave I am to comfortably acquiesce to! There is a certain order that is to be maintained at all times and this is not the responsibility of the feline but of you, the human being!" After that Squigg never spoke again, and I stopped smoking catnip.

We really are best friends and I would like to maybe marry him except that that would be frowned upon and would make me feel bad so really I will just appreciate him and love him and keep feeding him tuna while never leaving.

END FEATURE:

I have spent lots of time on this so I do not think it will need much editing but if you feel the need to make a few minor cosmetic changes please email the changes to that I can

approve them because after all this is my intellectual property. Also do not forget to give me \$50 for my left kidney. If it is a paid gig I could have time to write some more for you because extra pocket money will always be good to supplement my monthly stipend from my parents. My dad is a big business man and my mom is a big business woman.

Have a great day,
I know I am,
Larry Schreiber,
Realities's author,
doper of a green
Hunda RV.



SQUIGGLY DOES A
HANDSTAND.